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SINKING SPRING (INLET).—JOHN HOWS.

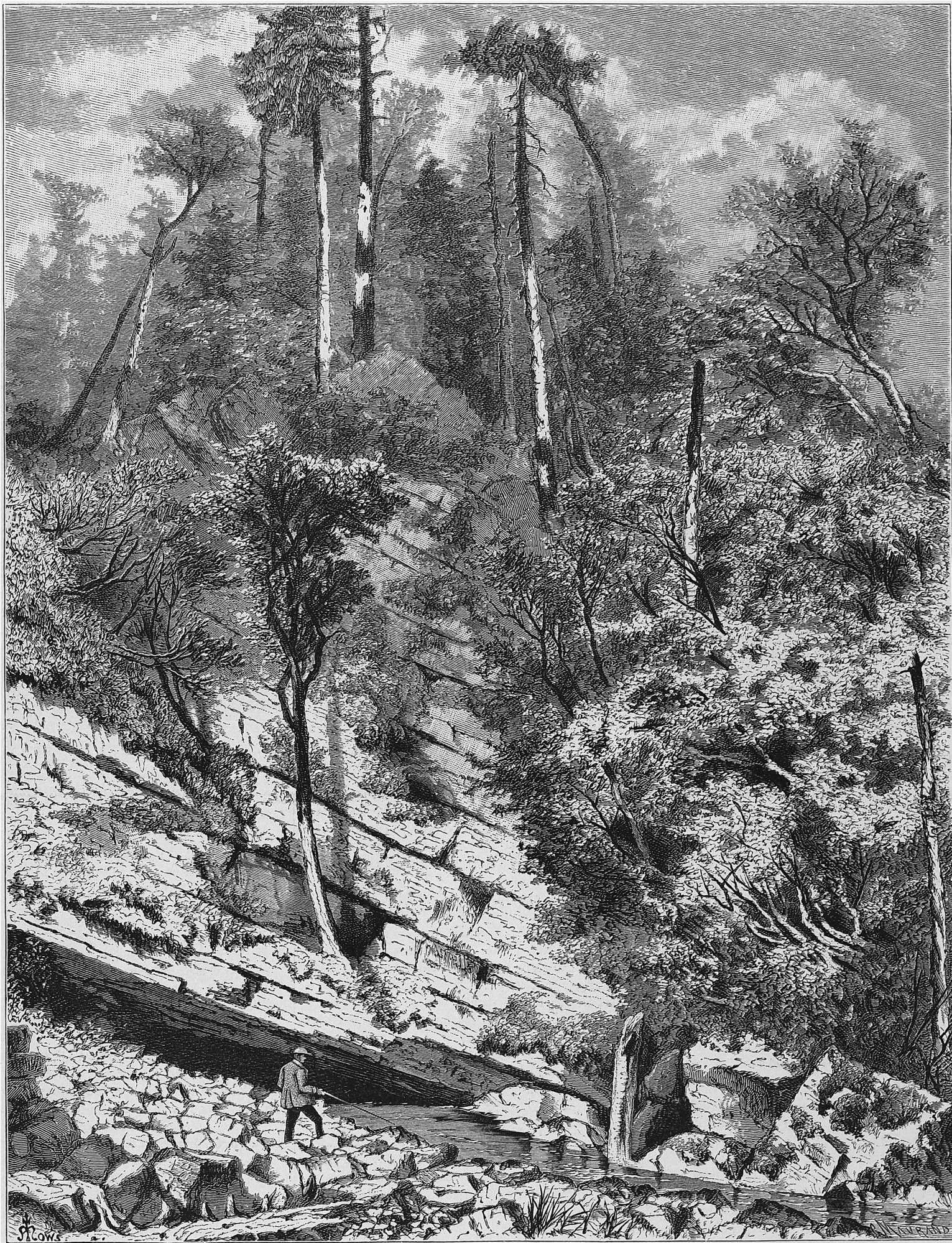
his beard. His costume, seen beneath a gray monk's-cloak, was that of a rich merchant of the upper provinces. He seated himself at the rude oaken table, directly opposite Michael, and clasping his hands, which sparkled with rare jewels, before him, looked at the young man with eyes that streamed forth a calm and steady light. Michael's face blanched to deadly whiteness; he folded his arms with rigid force, and gazed in frozen horror at his stately *vis-à-vis*. Each student instinctively caught the hand of the one nearest him, and all maintained the quietude of death. So sat the company for several minutes, while none moved. The fire flickered fitfully, the sunbeams grew more deeply garnet-colored, and the nightingale attuned itself to sweeter, sadder notes.

Presently, as if forced by a power beyond his control, Michael drew a roll of paper from his pocket, unrolled it on the table, and keeping it down with his left hand and a flagon, began to draw. While

this movement progressed, the white-haired and reverend signor stirred not a whit, and no sound came from the others in the room.

With the rigidity of an automaton, until half of the sands could have ebbed into the lower half of an hour-glass, Michael continued to work. As he did so, his countenance, although it grew more waxen, assumed an expression of less terrible horror and despair—one of deepest penitence. After some time had passed, the pencil fell from his stiffened fingers, and drawing his arms firmly over his breast, his head drooped over them, and the paper, freed by his hand, curled against the flagon in its former shape. Then the ghost of the murdered merchant arose. Invested with stateliest majesty, it lifted its hands high above Michael's head, as if with a motion of loftiest benediction, and thereafter instantly disappeared. When the students recovered from the palsy of their awe, they walked in a body to the

table, and one of them, with trembling fingers, opened the sheet. Thereon, as if by the pencil of a mighty artist, was executed a picture of singular energy. It represented a deep gorge with precipitous sides, one of which was a thickly wooded slope, the other, a high limestone cliff. On the face of the cliff was a ledge; on the ledge two figures struggled; at the feet of the figures lay a broken casket and some jewels; below rolled a torrent beaten to white foam. Each of the students saw that the faces of the figures were those of Michael and the merchant. After they had every one taken note of this, the paper curled again into a cylindrical form. And behold, when they reopened it, it was blank! And so when they turned to speak to Michael Botello, they found he was dead. So they said never a word, but lifted his body on the table, and composed its limbs, and then returned to their master in the city and related to him all that had transpired. And their master



SINKING SPRING (OUTLET).—JOHN HOWS.

sent a conveyance for the body, and had requiems sung and masses said for the repose of the soul that so lately animated it. —*Edward Olin Weeks.*

A JUNIATA FAUNT.

"FAIR Pennsylvania! than thy midland vales,
Lying 'twixt hills of green, and bound afar
By billowy mountains rolling in the blue,
No lovelier landscape meets the traveler's eye."

So sang the late Thomas Buchanan Read, in his "Pennsylvania: a New Pastoral." Not without reason did the poet sing of the one State in the Union possessing above all others a greater variety of picturesque scenery, from the grand and sublime to the tender and beautiful: a central mountain range, two hundred miles in breadth, crosses the great Keystone State; the Atlantic slope with its fertile meadows on one side; the rich basin of the Ohio

River on the other. Various spurs of the great Appalachian chain of hills cross the State in a general course, from the northeast to the southwest, including the Blue Ridge, the Kittatinny Mountains, and the Alleghanies. Through these mountains the Delaware, Susquehanna, Juniata, and other rivers break, forming wild gaps and countless gems of water and valley beauty. And over, through, and between many of these mountains runs the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, along the route of which the traveler can see some of the most magnificent and enchanting scenery this country affords. We give our readers herewith a series of five illustrations, which show us the quality of the scenery to be found in the valley of the Juniata River, through which this great national highway runs.

With the sweet Indian word of Juniata there always comes a whisper of poetry and romance, and we invest the Arcadian land through which this river

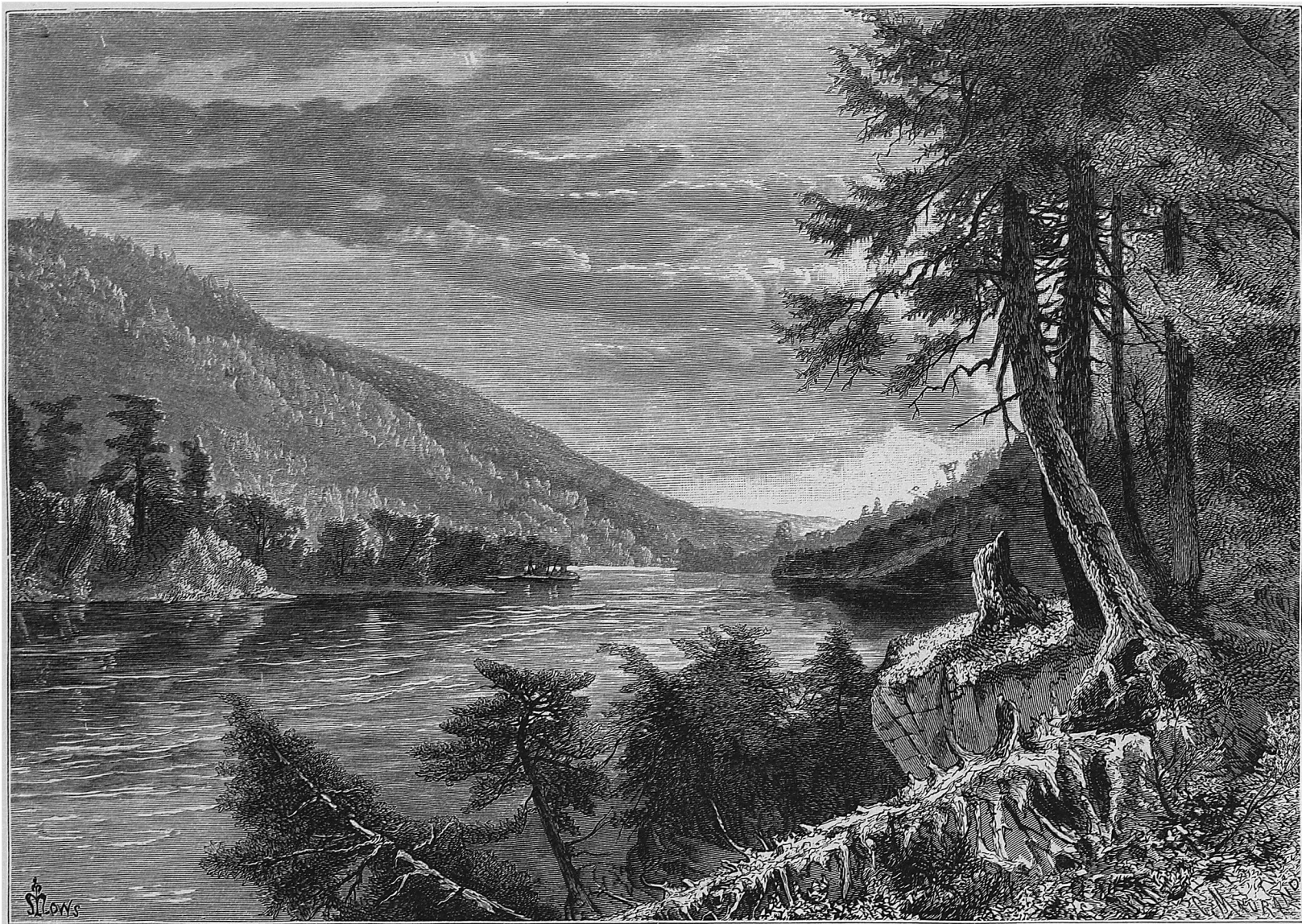
flows with dainty charms, heightened, doubtless, by the remembrance of a once popular song:

"Wild roamed an Indian girl, bright Alfarata,
Where flow the waters of the blue Juniata."

Even to-day we can hear the glad voice of Alfarata echoing among the crags, and see her face reflected in the stream's blue waters. The barbarous taste of the age has not taken from us all the romantic Indian names. As Mrs. Sigourney once wrote:

"Ye say they all have passed away,
That noble race and brave,
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave;
That 'mid the forests where they roamed
There rings no hunter's shout;
But their name is on your waters,
Ye may not wash it out."

The Juniata is one of the loveliest rivers in America, flowing through the heart of a wild and too little vis-



LEWISTOWN NARROWS.—JOHN HOWS.

ited portion of our country. It leaps from the crags and chasms of the Alleghanies, winding its devious way eastward through a hundred and fifty miles of mountain solitude to its final meeting with the Susquehanna. It is difficult to imagine a more continuous line of beauty than the course of this river, whose madcap moods and turbulent waters remind one of a roystering youth. Its mountain ramparts, which rise majestically to hail her onward progress, are crowned with a vegetation of northern fir, while the verdant and fertile valleys are green with the foliage of the oak, chestnut and sycamore. The Alleghany Mountains seem to bear a paternal relation to this river, and lend it the shadow of their presence through great distances. It needs an artist to discover all the beauties of this region; one whose soul has been

"Touched by the love of art, to learn to know
Nature's soft line and color's varied glow."

About the year 1810, Alexander Wilson, the ornithologist, made a solitary tour through this wild region, navigating the water-courses in his own small boat. Floating down a river fifty miles from Pittsburgh, he says: "The landscape on each side lay in one mass of shade; but the grandeur of the projecting headlands and vanishing points, or lines, was charmingly reflected in the smooth, glassy surface below. I could only discover when I was passing a clearing, by the crowing of cocks, and now and then, in more solitary places, the big-horned owl made a most hideous hallooing that echoed among the mountains." Fifty years ago the region of the Juniata was a great highway over the mountains to the Ohio, the long and painful journey being accomplished in ponderous wagons. To-day the banks of this river are threaded by the Pennsylvania Central Railway, a canal, and telegraph wires, and, as of old, the Juniata is one of the chief thoroughfares for the tens of thousands of European immigrants who seek for homes in the Great West. Long trains of cars pass continually, and the boatmen on the canal add to the bustle and confusion. Although civilization long since drove out the red men, there is much of the wildness of nature still left, and of this Mr. Hows has availed himself during his last summer's tour in this region. In his full-page picture he presents a bold view of the rock-cut near Huntingdon, on the line of the Pennsylvania Central Railway. Huntingdon is built on the left bank of the Juniata, on an elevation sloping gently to the river. It is a little

southwest of the centre of the State, two hundred and two miles from Philadelphia. The county of Huntingdon is a land of minerals—coal, iron, lead, etc., being found in abundance. The rocks of the cut, as shown in the picture, are characteristic of the country. They appear to have been piled up by the hand of man, and are doubtless of that slaty formation peculiar to coal regions.

One of the remarkable smaller streams flowing into the Juniata is known as the Arched Spring, the entrance and outlet of which are seen in the two large illustrations. The Plutonian mouth of the arch, where the river enters the earth to flow for one mile underground, is graphically drawn, as well as the point where the stream reappears to sparkle in the sunlight and take up its onward march to the sea. The two smaller sketches of this series represent some of the sweetest stretches of the Juniata in the neighborhood of Lewistown. Mr. Hows has been very successful in imparting that tone and feeling to these pictures which are characteristic of the calm and tranquil bosom of the stream, as it flows between rounded hills and mountains, and stretches away toward the sea. In the vicinity of Lewistown, as well as Millerstown and Mifflintown, numerous romantic brooks come dancing down into the valleys, affording abundant and rare sport for the fishers of trout. Deer once abounded in these regions, but they are not so common now.

More than twenty years ago T. Addison Richards visited the Juniata, returning with a well-filled sketch-book. He went to the upper waters of the river, where the hills wear a more imposing front, encroaching more and more upon the area of the valley. The mountain flanks are in many places marked with the debris of the land slides which give so weird a look to much of the Juniata scenery. At the village of Spruce Creek, Mr. Richards took a ramble upon the banks of the Little Juniata. For half-a-dozen miles up the river the path ran through densely shaded glens, and by rolling cascades, presenting a great variety of scene, from grave to gay. It would be difficult to find a greater variety of scenery in the same distance than along the banks of the Little Juniata. The secluded character of the way changes completely after a few miles' walk from Spruce Creek, and the glen and ravine expand into a cultivated valley stretch. The sterner features of the landscape remind one continually of the picturesque ravines of the Catskills.

MY DOUBT.

WHICH shall I choose to love—the Sun, or Star?
The fire that warms, or light that shines afar?
"The Sun," you answer, and I bless his beams—
Forgetting in their glow the Star's white gleams.

Now, will you be to me the Star alone,
A diamond glittering on the heaven's blue zone?
Or all my world, my warmth and light and love,
Like the dear Sun that cheers me from above?

Or Sun, or Star? You only can decide!
If your sweet love is to my soul denied,
I'll throne you as a Star to gaze upon,
When these sad eyes can find no more a Sun!

—Wm. C. Richards.

POLLY.

HER name was not Polly, at all, but Lisette. She was a little waif, of French parentage, whom my uncle Harlan found in her loneliness and destitution, and brought to his bachelor home to care for. Lisette was foreign, and therefore, to him, barbaric. So he gave her the soft New England name of Polly.

What an amusement she was to me during those weeks of interval between schools. I was a great boy of fourteen; she was a small creature of nine years, whom I sometimes could coax on my knee. She often told me stories of a grand house, *le chateau*, she called it, where she had lived with her parents. "The most superb house I had ever seen," she assured me, with many exclamations, and little shrugs and nods. "The pictures, oh! but were they not truly fine? and everything was handsome, and how I would be happy to be permitted to live in it."

She spoke in those days as if she were rendering French into English, *verbatim*, preserving all its peculiarities of construction in a way often diverting to listen to.

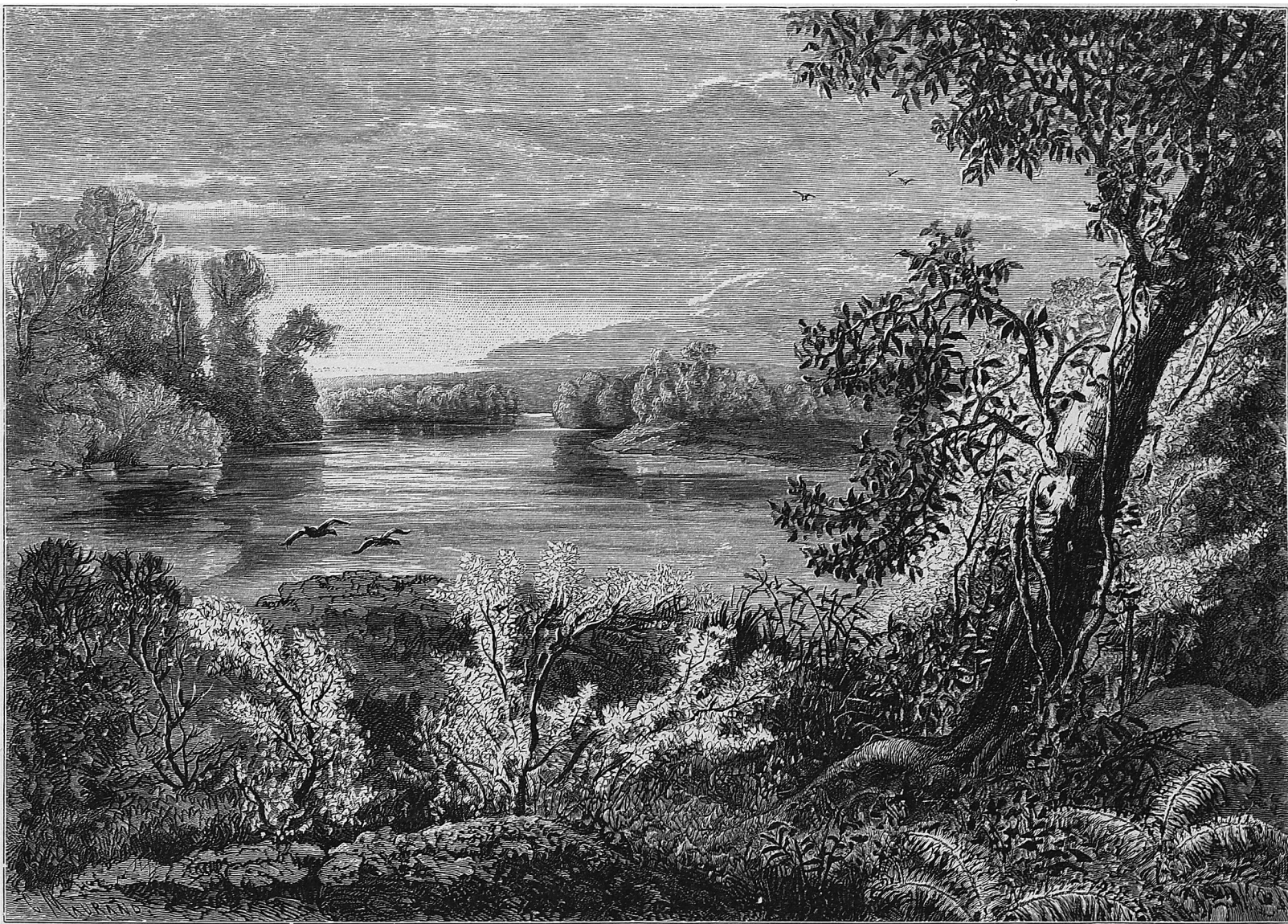
"How did she like her new home?" I asked her one day.

"I like it well, well!" with several little nods after she had spoken.

"And her guardian?" My uncle called himself that, though he really had nothing of hers to guard but herself.

"Monsieur? oh! he was the most fine and noble gentleman she had almost ever seen, and so amiable."

I had never before thought much about his qualifications; boys do not trouble themselves with much



JUNIATA RIVER, NEAR LEWISTOWN.—JOHN HOWS.

thinking; at least, the ordinary boy does not, and I had only looked up to him because he was my guardian, and liked him because he was a kind one; but that evening, when "he had the kindness to bestow on us some moments of his beautiful company," as Polly expressed it, I thought the fine perceptions of the child had read him completely.

"Polly," I said to her one day, "did you know I am to have a good education—superb, I think you would call it, and then I am to become a—," I could not think what lofty character, so I said, "a great man, and then I shall marry you?"

She was tugging at a little pocket in my vest to produce my watch, a new indulgence of my uncle's which she delighted in. She stopped to say with her charming accent, "Boys are so mad, I like them not any. I shall stay ever with the good Monsieur. When I shall be tall, he will be old, old, and I shall live with him to make his *menage*," ending with a French word for want of an English one to express it.

In due time I went away to school, and finally entered a German University, where I was to develop into something great; and after a while, I only thought of Polly at rare intervals, and of her then, only, as a very beautiful child, that had helped to amuse me when at home.

I traveled over Europe with an ardent soul for *compagnon de voyage*. I visited many storied places, always with the determination to become remarkable, like the principal actors who had rendered these points illustrious. At different times I had concluded to become a hero, like William Wallace; a poet, like Shakspeare; and an artist, like Angelo. But when I had finished Rome, I was restless to commence my life work. What was I to do? When I began to question, I really did not find in myself the ability to become great; so with a sigh I parted with all superfluous ambition, and decided to return to my country and become a useful man. I was best fitted for a business life, I thought. I would enter it, and strive, in my corner, to help a little in the progress of the world. Do not think, though, that I had bidden a final adieu to my Utopia. At times I cherished the idea that, in some way, I was to place traffic on a higher plane, and introduce new methods which were to work wonders in the commercial world. These speculations, however, were induced but by a lingering inspiration of the divine afflatus, and were not often indulged in.

I wrote to my uncle all my plans, which he fur-

thered, in his usual capable way, by getting me connected with a desirable firm; and on hearing from him I set out for America.

I was as glad as a boy to near the old home again—it was eight years since I had left it—and it was something enjoyable to have my hand wrung in my uncle's hearty grasp. I followed him into the old-fashioned, stately drawing-room with spirits light as quicksilver under a high temperature. Standing in one of its windows was a graceful, girlish figure, which Uncle Harlan signed me to approach.

"Polly," said he, "do you remember Bob, your old playfellow?" Then, with ceremony, "Miss Lisette La Mothe, allow me to present Mr. Robert Sayles."

Very traveled though I thought myself, I had scarcely ever seen such a vision of loveliness, and stood before her abashed; she, however, gave me a look of cool scrutiny ere she bowed.

Well, we were both young and foolish, and there were sentimental walks by moonlight, and insipid flirtations, you say. Your pardon, the young lady was as sensible and as matter-of-fact with me as the most prosy could desire. If I received any attention from Miss La Mothe, out of the ordinary, it was accomplished by direct assault; or secured her society to myself alone, it was brought about by dint of strategy. This beautiful creature was as difficult of approach as a rose encircled with thorns; and it is scarcely pleasant to remember what a dunce I made of myself in those days of freshness; and all the time my uncle looked on musingly, for if she avoided intimacy with me, she treated him also with reserve.

And so matters stood at Christmas. On that morning I chanced upon my uncle in the library.

"Bob," said he, "then you leave us Monday?"

"Yes;" and there followed a quick pain at my heart, at thought of the perplexed and baffled state in which I should depart.

As if he understood it, he said, "Why don't you put it to the test, boy? There she is now."

It was a steely morning, and the snow lay crisp and creaking underfoot. Down the walk the trees were fretted over with the frost, and under one of them, enveloped in something white and fleecy as the snow, stood Lisette; and thanking Uncle Harlan for his suggestion, I stepped out to join her.

"Polly," said I, as I approached; she smiled at the old name, in a way that encouraged me. Mimicking her childish speech, I said, "I find my heart all sick

with its love for you. Can you say to me the word hope?"

She smiled again, and almost sadly, answering now, as when a child, "Young men never know their mind; I could not trust one. I have decided to remain single, always staying here till—till, your uncle signifies a wish to be rid of me."

I turned quickly to retrace my steps. After all it had only been a test, and I had scarcely dared hope for the result. I returned to the library and found Uncle Harlan at the spot where I had left him. Pointing down the walk, I said, "There she is, uncle, and she is waiting."

As he closed the library door, I involuntarily assumed his position, and in another moment saw him kneeling before her, in the manner of an olden knight.

And right knightly had his bearing always been, preserving through his life the devotional nature which is so sure to captivate the sex.

Some years have passed since then; I am not really old, nor am I quite young, and yet I hardly seem the same that I was on that Christmas morning.

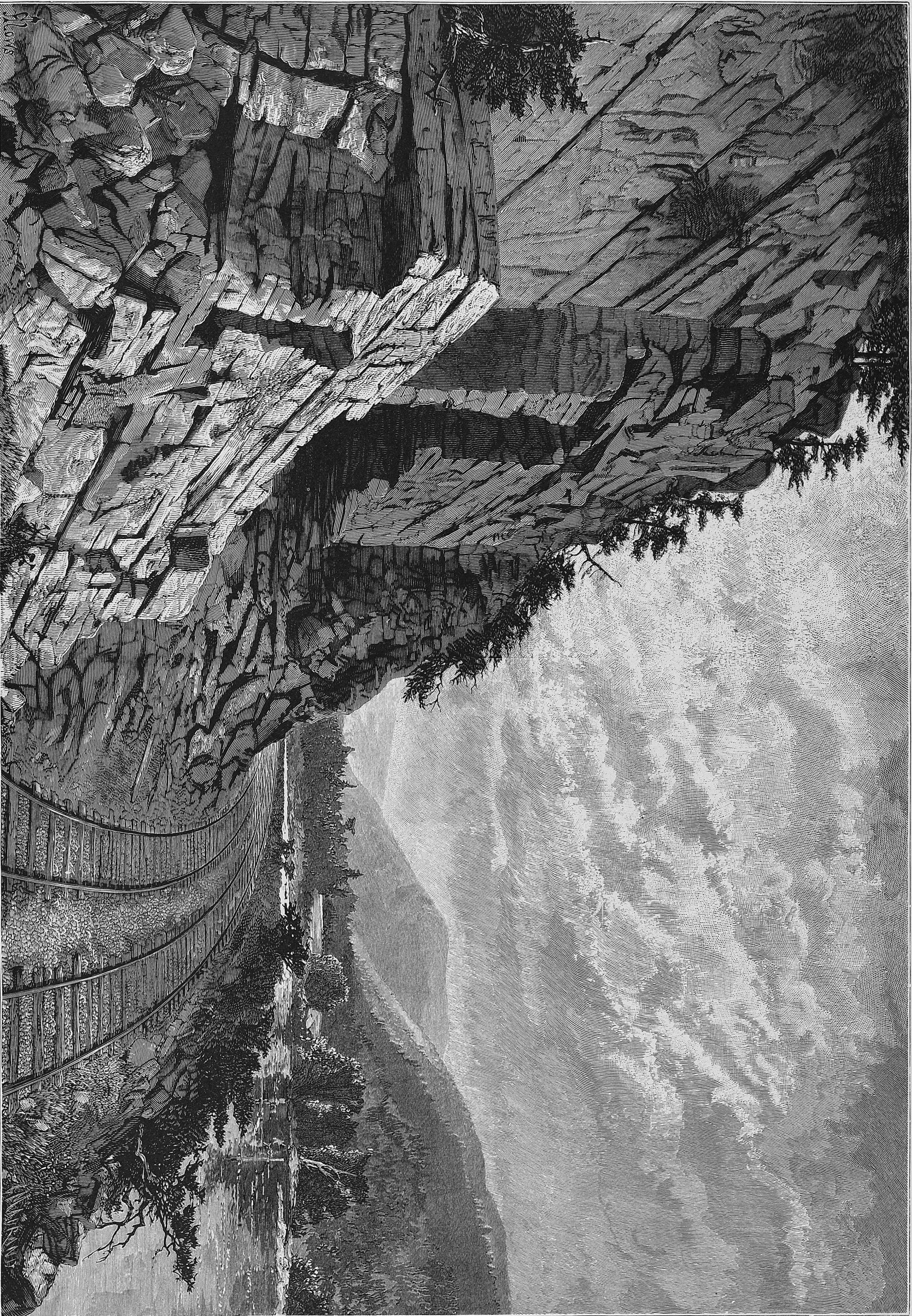
Notwithstanding a difference of age, I can see that Uncle Harlan and little Polly (he calls her that, still) are suited to each other, while I am persuaded, too, that we would have never harmonized. Or is it a way we have of solacing ourselves for our disappointments?

—Marie S. Ladd.

BLIGHTED.

SHE was singing as he passed,
Twining willows deft and fast;
Twining willows, singing low—
Eyes of sunshine, cheeks aglow.
Did he then at last behold
Eyes of light and locks of gold
Matched to some Madonna old
He had seen—an ideal fair,
Mystic light on lip and hair?
Andalusia's fairest maids
He had scanned in woods and glades—
Fairest maids from sea to sea—
But none so fair of face as she.
He wooed and won the little maid.
And robed her in the rich brocade,
And paid her court in regal hall
But sad her smile amid it all;
For, nurtured where the willows grew,
And where the mountain violets blew,
She faded as a flower that dies
In sighing for its own blue skies.

—Geo Klinge.



JUNIATA RIVER, NEAR HUNTINGDON.—JOHN HOWS.